

Hudibras.

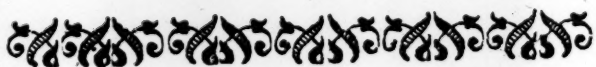
THE FIRST PART.

Written in the time of the late Wars.



LONDON:

Printed by J. G. for Richard Marriot, under
St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1663



IMPRIMATUR.

Jo: Berkenhead.

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I

HUDIBRAS.

THE ARGUMENT OF The FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth :
His Arms and Equipage are shown ;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle:
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

Canto I.

When civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not
(why ;
When hard words, *jealousies & Fears*
Set Folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame RELIGION as for Punk,
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:

When

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When *Gospel-trumpeter*, surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout, to Battel sounded,
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a Colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very fight wou'd
 Entitle him *Mirror of Knighthood* ;
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
 Either for Chartel or for Warrant :
 Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
 That could as well bind o're, as swaddle :
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And sty'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.

(So some Rats of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the Land or Water.)
 But here our Authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise, or stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other :
 But howsoe're they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his Brain
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a grain :
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

For't

For't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complaines she thought him but an *Ass*,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*.
But they'r mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
VVe grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shie of using it :
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unlesse on Holy-dayes, or so,
As men their best Apparel do.
Beside 'tis known he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeek :
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Then to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd :
And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a *Profelyte*, but for *Claps*.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.

He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt South and South-west side :
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
 He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a *Lord* may be an Owl ;
 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
 And Rooks *Committee-men* and *Trustees*.
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.
 All this by Syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would doe.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a Trope :
 And when he hapned to break off
 I'th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready, to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other foke.
 But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A *Babylonish* dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect.
 It was a particolour'd dress
 Of patch'd and pyball'd Languages :

'Twas

'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Like *Fustian* heretofore on *Sattin*.
 It had an odde promiscuous Tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
 Which made some think whē he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three *Labourers* of *Babel*;
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent,
 As if his stock would ne're be spent.
 And truly to support that charge
 He had supplies as vast and large.
 For he could coyn or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit:
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on.
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The Ignorant for currant took 'em.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
 Then *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*:
 For he by *Geometrick* scale
 Could take the size of *Pots* of *Ale*;
 Resolve by *Sines* and *Tangents* straight,
 If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
 The Clock does strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read every text and gloss over :
What every *Sceptick* could inquire for ;
For ever *why* he had a *wherefore* :
Knew more then forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong :
They might be either said or sung.
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of defunct bodies, flie ;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern air.
He knew *wha's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphysick* wit can flie.
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable* ;
A second *Thomas*, or, at once
To name them all, another *Dunca*.
For he a Rope of sand could twist,
As tough as learned *Sorbonist* ;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the Moon is full ;

Such

Such as take Lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice:
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
 And stab her self with doubts profound,
 Onely to shew with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again;
 Although by woful proof we find,
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies:
 What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his side:
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *high Dutch* Interpreter:
 If either of them had a Navel;
 Who first made Musick malleable:
 Whether the Serpent at the Fall
 Had cloven feet, or none at all.
 All this, without a Gloss or Comment;
 He would unriddle in a moment
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:

[Twas s

'Twas *Presbyterian* true blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church *Militant* :
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike and Gun* ;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible Artillery ;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick *Blows and Knocks* ;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which alwayes must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odde perverse *Antipathies* ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss :
More peevish, cross, and spleenatick,
Then *Dog* distract, or *Monky* sick :
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, then others the right way :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.

Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All Piety consists therein
In them, in other men all Sin.
Rather then faile, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with *minc'd Pies*, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, *Plum-porredge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
And blaspheme *Custard* through the nose.
Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomer's*, were Afs and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight by fast instinct
Of wit and temper was so linkt,
As if Hypocrisie and non-sense
Had got th' Advouson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward :
That next of all we shall discuss ;
Then listen Sirs, It followeth thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equall grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;
In Cut and Dy so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile :
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Gray.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The fall of Scepters and of Crowns ;
 VVith grizly type did represent
 Declining Age of Government ;
 And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
 Its own grave and the State's were made.
 Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue ;
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the publick downfall.
 It was monastick, and did grow
 In holy Orders, by strict vow ;
 Of Rule as fullen and severe,
 As that of rigid *Cordeliere*.
 'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
 And Martyrdom with resolution ;
 T'oppose it self against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed State :
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 VVith red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 As long as Monarchy should last.
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate
 A Sacrifice to fall of State ;

VVhose

VVhose thred of life the fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
 The brawny part of Porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental Noses, which
 VVould last as long as Parent breech :
 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
 Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather *Barthen*, show'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load.
 For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire :
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
 Of his own Buttocks on his back :
 VVhich now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
 To poize this equally, he bore
 A *Paunch* of the same bulk before :
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
 Such as a Countrey house affords ;

With

With other Victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his Hose we come to treat,
The Cup-bord where he kept his meat.

His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
And though not Sword- yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His *Breeches* were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheese,
And fat Black-puddings, proper food
For Warriors that delight in bloud.
For, as we said, He alwayes chose
To carry Vittle in his hose.
And though Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough Deserts vast
And Regions desolate they past,
Where Belly-timber above ground
Or under was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Provision on Record;

Which

Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs, but to fight.
'Tis false: For *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round-Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round Trunk-hose;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their swords & truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts or their Nun-
But let that pass at present, lest (cheons.
We should forget where we digress;
As learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant *Sword* unto his side
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes; and sometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t'any such.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into it self, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

The

The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt :
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful ;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Then Sergeant *Bum*, invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'ne possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

- This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his age :
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shooes, and in the earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same scorce.

In th' Holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged *Pistolls* he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle Rats with th' sent,
To forrage when the Cocks were bent,
And sometime catch 'em with a snap
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard Duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his *Horse*.
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many straines and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
VVith so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
VVith his own weight, but did recover,

By

By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of Reyn.

But now we talk of mounting[!] Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something,
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.
The Beast was sturdy, large and tall,
With mouth of meal and eyes of wall:
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, then *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cesar's* Horse, who, as fame goes,
Had Corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoof,.
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often doe, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.

His

His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
 For underneath the skirt of Pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
 His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
 Which on his Rider he would flurt
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt :
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an-Arse.

A *Squire* he had whose name was *Ralph*,
 That in th' adventure went his halt.
 (Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him *Ralpho* ; 'tis all one :
 And when we can with Meeter safe,
 We'll call him so, if not plain *Raph*.
 For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
 With which like Ships they steer their
 An equal stock of Wit and Valour (courses.)
 He had laid in, by birth a Taylor.
 The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
 With subtle shreds a Tract of Land,
 Did leave it with a Castle fair
 To his great Ancestor, her Heir :
 From him descended crosse-legg'd Knights,
 Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
 Against

Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squier had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of Golden Bough, but true gold-lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New light*;
A Liberal art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne're consider'd it; as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it then 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themselves will sometimes be
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle.

For

For as of Vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne're beside their way :
 Whate're men speak by this *new Light*,
 Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
 'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
 VVhich none see by but those that bear it :
 A Light that falls down from on high,
 For Spiritual Trades to coulsen by :
 An *Ignis Fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into Pools and Ditches,
 To make them *dip* themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in Dirty pond ;
 To dive like Wild-foul for Salvation,
 And fish to catch Regeneration.
 This Light inspires, and playes upon
 The nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe-drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
 So *Phæbus* or some friendly Muse
 Into small Poets song infuse ;
 VVhich they at second-hand reherse
 Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
 As three or four-legg'd Oracle,
 The ancient Cup, or modern Chair ;
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware :

For

For mystick Learning, wondrous able
 In Magick, *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as *Adam's* first green breeches :
 Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
 Ideas, Atoms, Influences ;
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 Th'Intelligible world could say :
 A deep occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,
 Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
 And solid Lying much renown'd :
 He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood ;
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm :
 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as learned,
 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
 He understood the speech of Birds
 As well as they themselves do words :
 Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean ;
 What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *walk*.
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like water,
 Of sov'raign pow'r to make men wise ;
 For dropt in blere, thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd

They'd make them see in darkeſt night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Fiſt Matter* ſeen undreſt :
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd :
Not that of Paſt-board which men ſhew
For Groats at *Fair of Bartholmew* ;
But its great Grandfire, fiſt o'th' name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came :
Both Couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, ſome ſay,
O'th' younger houſe to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretell whatſ'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſſe.
As Death of Great men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit then thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o'th' Poſt, and falſely charge
Upon themſelves what others forge :

As if they were consenting to
 All Mischief in the VWorld men do :
 Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
 To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'l search a Planet's house, to know
 VWho broke and robb'd a house below :
 Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*,
 VWho stole a thimble or a spoon :
 And though they nothing will confesse,
 Yet by their very looks can guesse,
 And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
 VWho stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
 They'l question *Mars*, and by his look
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke :
 Make *Mercury* confesse and peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'l find i'th' Physiognomies
 O'th' Planets all mens destinies :
 Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o'th' Pill.
 Cast the Nativity o'th' Question,
 And from Positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the Moment
 Of Natives birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'l feel the Pulses of the Stars,
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs ;
 And tell what *Crisis* does divine
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mangein Swine :

In men what gives or cures the Itch,
 VVhat makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich :
 VVhat gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves ;
 But not what wise, for onely of those
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more then can the Astrologians.
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
 The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
 Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
 As well as vertues, parts, and wit.
 Their Valours too were of a Rate,
 And out they fally'd at the Gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
 For they a sad Adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat :
 But ere we venture to unfold
 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned Poets use,
 Invoke th' assistance of some *Muse* ;
 However Criticks count it fillier
 Then Juglets talking to Familiar.

We think 'tis no great matter which :
They'r all alike : yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,
And force them, though it were in spight
Of nature and their stars, to write ;
Who, as we find in sullen Writs,
And crosse-grain'd Works of modern wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The wonder of the Ignorant,
The praises of the Author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-ensuring friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked Hill
To make men scribble without skill,
Canst make a Poet, spight of fate,
And teach all people to translate ;
Though out of Languages in which
They understand no part of speech :
Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town
To those that dwell therein well known ;
There-

Therefore there needs no more be sed here,
 We unto them refer our Reader :
 For brevity is very good,
 When w're, or are not understood.
 To this Town People did repair
 On dayes of Market or of Fair,
 And to crack'd Fiddle and hoarse Tabor
 In merriment did drudge and labour :
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village rabble.
 'Twas an old way of Recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*.
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient *Hero's* in high prize ;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* game.
 Others derive it from the *Bear*
 That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 A circle, like a Bear at stake,
 That at the Chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the Rabble-rout.
 For after solemne proclamation
 In the Bear's name (as is the fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of Bear ;

If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy ;
 If they come wounded off and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim.
 Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any presse upon him, who 'tis,
 But let them know at their own cost
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which alwayes wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a Fray
 'Tis hard to-keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear* ;
 As he believ'd h' was bound to doe
 In Conscience and Commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;

We that are wisely mounted higher
 Then Constables, in Curule wit,
 VVhen on Tribunal bench we sit,
 Like Speculators, should foresee,
 From *Pharos* of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther then
 Low Proletarian Tithing-men.
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;

For

For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*.)

Quintum in nobis, have thought good,
To save th' expence of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compose
The bloody Duel without blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our VVives,
Enough at once to lye at stake,
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* sake;
But in that quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil Counsel* is fomented.
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry Nare olfact it not)
A deep design in't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*
That *Cane* & *angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?

That some occult design doth ly
In bloody *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it :
Unlesse by providential wit
Or force we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast ?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Ereil *Priviledge, Fundamental Laws* ;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Protestation* ;
Nor for free *Liberty of Conscience*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances* ;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-lands*,
To get them in their own no hands ;
Nor *evil Counsellours* to bring
To Justice that seduce the King ;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' *Egyptians* worshipp'd *Dogs*, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
For that Church suffer'd martyrdom.
The *Indians* fought for the truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* tooth :

And

And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
 But no Beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better then so.
 But we, we onely do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Bonte-feus*:
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late Philosophers
 Have well obser'd, Beasts that converse
 With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' year, and Bitches Dogs.
 Just so by our example Cattel
 Learn to give one another Battel.
 We read in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian brethren*,
 They sow'd them in the skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their ears:
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd, Antichristian Game.
 To this, quoth *Rolpho*, Verily,
 The Point seems very plain to me.
 It is an Antichristian Game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.
 First for the *name*, The word *Bear-baiting*
 Is carnal, and of man's creating:

For certainly there's no such word:
 In all the *Scripture* on record.
 Therefore unlawful and a sin.
 And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
 A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by *Scripture* than
Provincial, Classick, National;
 Mere humane Creature-cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, it is Idolatrous.
 For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their *Inventions*, whosoe're
 The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
 It is Idolatrous and Pagan,
 No lesse then worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;
Ralpho thou dost prevaricate.
 For though the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad annum* as thou say'st:
 (For that *Bear-baiting* should appear
jure Divino lawfuller
 Then *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis so do I)
 Yet there's a falacy in this:
 For it by sly *Homœosis*,
 (*Tussis pro crepitu*, an Art
 Under a Cough to stir a Fart)
 Thou wouldst Sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
 But *Bear-baiting* may be made out
 In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis* :
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
 Your self o'th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unlesse
 You measure by their Wickednesse :
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O'th' two is worst, though I name nether.;

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage.
 Thou wilt at best but suck a Bull,
 Or shear Swine, All Cry, and no Wooll.
 For what can Synods have at all
 With Bears that's analogical ?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of Church-Affaires, with *Bear-baiting* ?
 A just comparison still is,
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what Genus rightly doth
 Compr'bend them *inclusive* both ?

If *Animal*, both of us may
As likely passe for Beares as they.
For we are Animals no lesse,
Although of different *Specieses*.
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit place
Nor time to argue out the Case :
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof.
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit
Another manner of Dispute.
A Controversie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words :
Which we must manage at a rate
Of Prowesse and Conduct adæquate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the *Godly* expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unlesse
W'are flurr'd and outed by successe :
Successe, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can alwayes hit :
For whatso're we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are stear'd by Fate,
Which in successe oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great Actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions :
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Eyes still equal to their worth ;

But

But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardise succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have born us out.
Which though th'are known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example,
We're not the onely person durst,
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
In Northern Clime a valorous Knight
Did whilome kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fidler : we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th'attempt or victory to come.
'Tis sung, There is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In forra.n Land, yclep'd — —
To whom we have been oft compar'd,
For person, parts, addresse, and beard ;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought.
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and succeſſe.
Nor will we fail in th'execution
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is, like a Widow, won
With brisk attempt, and putting on ;
With entring manfully, and urging ;
No slow approaches, like a Virgin.

This

This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with rusty steel did smite
His *Trojan* horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch ;
But from his empty stomach gron'd
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A Wight bestride a *Common-weal* ;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The lesse the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF

The SECOND CANTO.

*The Catalogue and Character
Of th Enemy's best men of War ;
To whom the Knight does make a speech,
And they defie him : after which
He fights with Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner ;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Bastile.*

Canto II.

THere was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over,
And swore the world, as he could
(prove,

Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love* :
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels* :
O'th' first of these w^h have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o'th' later :
In which to doe the Injur'd Right
We mean, in what concerns just fight.

Certes

Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern **Knights**,
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a Palace in the place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he spies
A man that's handsom, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit :
As if just so much he enjoy'd
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'rethwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones ;
As men kill Beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell ;
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,
With

With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert :
And never coyn a formal lye on't,
To make the *Knight* o'recome the *Giant*.
This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do tearm't, or *Succussion*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how.
Yet some from subtle hints have got
Mysterious light, it was a Trot.
But let that pass : they now begun
To spur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals :
So Horses they affirm to be
Mere Engines, made by Geometry,
And were invented first from Engins,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be ; and, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Untill they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on,
The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,

And

And fierce Auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren :
VVho now began to draw in field,
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a Pick back on the Old,
Much further off ; much further he
From off his aged beast could see :
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy.
VVherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T'observe their numbers, and their order ;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for martial deed :
Both kinds of mettle he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward,
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free Sword from retentive Scabbard :
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty Durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowesse
In Scabbard of his Arms fate loose ;

And

And rais'd upon his desperate foot
 On stirrup side he gaz'd about,
 Portending bloud, like blazing star,
 The Beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no lesse speed,
 Then *Hugo* in the forrest did ;
 But with a great deal more return'd,
 For now the Foe he had discern'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 VVith *Van, main Batel, Wings, and Rear.*

In th' head of all this warlike Rabble
Crowders march'd, expert and able :
 Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 VVhose noise whets valour sharp, like Beer
 By thunder turn'd to Vineger,
 (For if a Trumpet sound or Drum beat,
 VVho has not a month's mind to combat ?)
 A squeaking Engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on North-east side,
 Just where the Hangman does dispose
 To special friends the Knot of Noose :
 For 'tis great Grace when *Statesmen* straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped *Ear* hung o're the strings,
 VVhich was but *Sowce* to *Chitterlings* :
 For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,
 Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden :

From.

From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of Minstrelsey, by string or wind.
 His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
 VVith which he strung his Fiddle-stick :
 For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
 For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-leg'd Bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth ;
 And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use onely of his beard.
 In *Staffordshire*, where vertuous worth
 Does raise the Minstrelsey, not birth ;
 VVhere Bulls do chuse the boldest King
 And Ruler, o're the men of string ;
 (As once in *Persia*, 'tis said, (neigh'd)
 Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that
 He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded fore : his *Leg* then broke,
 Had got a Deputy of Oke :
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt ;
 Esteem'd more honourable then the other,
 And takes place, though the younger brother.

 Next follow'd *Orsin*, famous for
 VVise conduct and success in war :
 A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshall to the Champion Bear.

VVith

With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-head
The Warrior to the lists he led ;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face :
Grave as the Emperour of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of knowledge great,
Either for Charge or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, lest the *Bear* defendant,
And Plaintiff *Dog*, should make an end on't.
Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy fray ;
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Souldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now ;
Untill some splay-foot Politicians
T'*Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new invention
Th'had found out, of an antique engine

To

To root out all the Weeds that grow
 In Publick Garden at a blow,
 And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
 My friends, that is not to be done. (ye,
 Not done? quoth Statesmen; yes, an't please
 VVhen 'tis once known you'l say 'tis easy.
 VVhy then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.
 We'l beat a Drum, and they'l all follow.
 A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 We are th' undoubted President;
 We such loud Musick do not professe,
 The Devil's Master of that office,
 Where it must passe, if't be a Drum,
 He'l sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply your selves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th' had better have let them grow there
 But to resume what we discourfing (still.
 Were on before, that is, stout *Orfin*:
 That which so oft by sundry writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
 More justly may b'ascrib'd to this
 Then any other Warrior (*viz.*)
 None ever acted both parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain and a Souldier.

He

He was of great descent and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line.
Not as the Ancient *Hero's* did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himself and others
O'th' Gods Gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions,
Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*)
Arctophelax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Ancestor :
From him his Great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Medc'nal Lore,
For by his side a Pouch he wore
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine miles point-blank would
By skilful *Chymist* with great cost (solder,
Extracted from a rotten Post ;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Then that which Mountebanks dispense ;
Though by *Promethean* fier made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when Slovens doe amisse
At others doors by Stool or Pisse,

The

The Learned write, a red-hot Spit,
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the Dung
Unto the Breech that did the wrong :
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orsin* was endu'd,
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable : and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
A Skilfull Leech is better far
Then half a hundred men of War ;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less then Dint of Sword, could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin ;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*,
Of rough impenètrable Fur ;
And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,
He wore for ornament a Ring ;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target ;
Armed, as Heraulds cant, and langued,
Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp-fanged*.

For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in
(Fray ;

So Swords in men of War are teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by birth, some Authors write,
A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,
And 'among the *Cossacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodyes Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin :
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And though his Country-men, the *Huns*,
Did stew their meat between their Bums
And th' Horses backs o're which they
(straddle,

And every man eat up his Saddle :
He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's way.
He had trac'd Countreys far and near,
More then *Le Blanc* the Traveller ;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*
Of noble house a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.

Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsin* oft had been ;
 Each striving to deserve the Crown
 Of a fav'd Citizen : the one
 To guard his Bear, the other fought
 To aid his Dog ; both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighborhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and bloud :
 But *Talgol*, mortal foe to Cows,
 Never got ought of him but blows ;
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oftner then he fought :
 Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toyl,
 And, like a Champion, shone with Oyl.
 Right many a widow his keen blade,
 And many Fatherlesse, had made.
 He many a Bore and huge *Dun Cow*
 Did, like another *Guy*, o'rethrow.
 But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
 Had like the Bore or *Dun Cow* far'd.
 With greater troops of Sheep h'had fought
 Then *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot* :
 And many a Serpent of fell kind,
 With wings before and stings behind,
 Subdu'd ; as Poets say, long ago
 Bold *Sir George Saint George* d.d the Dragon.

No

No Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E're sent so vast a Colony
To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble trade
That *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head ;
The trade to which they all were bred ;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it ;
The later in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Forrest-bore,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore ;
As thick as *Ajax* sev'n-fold shield,
Which o're his brazen arms he held.
But Brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist ;
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
 As he that made the *Brazen-head*;
 Profoundly skill'd in the black Art,
 As *English Merlin* for his heart;
 But far more skilful in the Spheres
 Then he was at the Sieve and Shears.
 He could transform himself in Colour
 As like the Devil as a Collier;
 As like as Hypocrites in shew
 Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of warlike Engines he was Author,
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
 The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuss*, and *Saker*,
 He was th' inventer of and maker:
 The *Trumpe* and the *Kettle-Drum*
 Did both from his Invention come.
 He was the first that e're did teach
 To make, and how to stop a breach.
 A Lance he bore with Iron-pike,
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:]
 And when their forces he had joyn'd,
 He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
 Then burnish'd Armour of her Knight:
 A bold *Virago*, stout and tall
 As *Joan* of France, or *English Mall*.

Through

Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.

At Breach of Wall, or Hedge-surprize,
She shar'd in th' hazard and the prize :
At beating quarters up, or forrage,
Behav'd her self with matchlesse courage ;
And laid about in fight more busily,
Then th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Pen-Thesile*.

And though some Criticks here cry shame,
And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no females stout, but Bears,)
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* ;
To lay their native Arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride a-stride ;
To run a tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field ;
As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
And she that would have been the Mistresse
Of *Gundibert*, but he had grace,
And rather took a Country Lass :
They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To Government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose :

Strip Nature naked to the skin,
 You'l find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'l prove it true upon record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
 Of all his Race the Valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
 Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong:
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side.
 • Ill has he read, that never hit
 On him in *Muses* deathlesse writ.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce, (pierce,
 That through a Ball-hide-shield would
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Though tougher then the Knight of *Greece*
 With whom his black-thum'd ancestor (his;
 Was Comrade in the ten years war;
 For when the restless *Greeks* fate down
 So many years before *Troy Town*,
 And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
 For well-sol'd *Boots*, no lesse then Fights;
 They ow'd that Glory onely to
 His Ancestor, that made them so.

Fast friend he was to *Reformation*,
 Untill 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
 Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
 And would make three, to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate and quote.
 But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
 Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and stickle,
 Like Ram or Bull, at *Conventicle* :
 For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
 Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Skulls*.

Last *Colon* came, bold man of war,
 Destin'd to blows by fatal Star ;
 Right expert in Command of horse,
 But Cruel, and without remorse.
 That which of *Centaur* long ago
 Was said, and has been wrested to
 Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horse* were of a piece.
 One Spirit did inform them both,
 The self-same Vigor, Fury Wroth :
 Yet he was much the rougher part,
 And alwayes had a harder heart ;
 Although his Horse had been of those
 That fed on Man's flesh, as fame goes.
 Strange food for Horse ! and yet, alas !
 It may be true, for *flesh is grass*.

Sturdy he was, and no lesse able
Then *Hercules* to clense a Stable ;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted fother
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himself and his lesse-cruel Steed.
It was a question whether He
Or's Horse were of a Family
More Worshipful : till Antiquaries,
(After th' had almost por'd out their eyes,)
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the Horse's side,
And prov'd not onely Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder house :
For Beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possesse.

These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of several Countries round about ;
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres :
From forain Parishes and Regions,
Of different manners, speech, Religions,
Came

Came men and Mastives; some to fight,
 For fame and honour, some for fight.
 And now the field of Death, the lists,
 Were entred by Antagonists,
 And bloud was ready to be broached;
 When *Hudibras* in haste approached,
 With Squire and weapons to attack them:
 But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

What Rage, O Citizens, what fury
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
 VVhat *Oestrums*, what phrenetick mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your bloud,
 VVhile the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks——ghost?
 VVhat Towns, what Garrisons might you
 VVith hazard of this bloud subdue,
 VVhich now y'are bent to throw away
 In vain, untriumphable fray?
 Shall *Saints* in Civil bloudshed wallow
 Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?
 The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore
 So boldly, shall we now give o're?
 Then because Quarrels still are seen
 VVith Oaths and Swearing to begin,
 The *Solemn League and Covenant*
 VVill seem a meer *God-dam-me* Rant;
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.

For as we make War for the King
 Against himself, the self-same thing
 Some will not stick to swear we doe
 For God, and for Religion too.
 For if Bear-baiting we allow,
 What good can Reformation doe?
 The bloud and treasure that's laid out,
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
 The Prototype of Reformation,
 Which all the Saints, and some since Martyrs,
 Wore in their hats, like Wedding-garters,
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House
 Six Members quarrel to espouse?
 Did they for this draw down the Rabble,
 With Zeal and Noises formidable;
 And make all Cries about the Town
 Joyn throats to cry the Bishops down?
 Who having round begirt the Palace,
 (As once a month they do the Gallows)
 As Members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When Tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle
 Church-Discipline, for patching Kettle.
 No Sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a Cat, but cry'd Reform.
 The Oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away, to cry No Bishop.

The

The *Monks* laid *Save-alls* by,
 And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
 Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
 Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread* :
 And some for *Broom*, old *Boots* and *Shoes*,
 Cry'd out to *purge the Common's House* :
 Instead of *Kuchin-stuff*, some cry
 A *Gospel-preaching Ministry* ;
 And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
 No *Surplices*, nor *Service-book*,
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to *Reformation*.
 And is this all ? is this the end
 To which these *carr'ings on* did tend ?
 Hath *Publick Faith* like a young heire
 For this tak'n up all sorts of *Ware*,
 And run int' ev'ry *Tradesman's book*,
 Till both turn'd *Bankrupts*, and are broke ?
 Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
 And crowd as if they came too late ? (on't,
 For when they thought the *Cause* had need
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coyn *Piss-pots*, *Bouls* and *Flaggons*,
 Int' *Officers of Horse* and *Dragoons* ;
 And into *Pikes* and *Musketers*
Stamp Beakers, *Cups* and *Porringers* ?

A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*,
 Did start up living men, as soon
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the *Dragons teeth* b'ing sown.
 Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
 The *Brethrens* off'rings, consecrate
 Like th' *Hebrew-calf*, and down before it
 The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it.
 So say the *Wicked* ——— and will you
 Make that *Sarcastic* Scandal true,
 By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beasts more unclean then Calves or Steers ?
 Have pow'rful *Preachers* ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs ;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
 I'th' power of *Gospel-preaching Minister* ?
 Have they invented *Tones*, to win
 The *Women*, and make them draw in
 The men, as *Indians* with the female
 Tame Elephant inveigle the male ?
 Have they told *Providence* what it must doe,
 VVhom to avoid, and whom to trust to ?
 Discover'd th' *Enemy's* design,
 And which way best to countermine ;
 Prescrib'd what wayes it hath to work,
 Or it will ne're advance the *Kirk* ;
 Told it the *News* o'th' last Express,
 And after good or bad success

Made

Made Prayers, not so like *Petitions*,
 As *Overtures* and *Propositions*,
 (Such as the *Army* did present
 To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
 Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting Church and Common-weal
 All on a flame bright as their zeal,
 On which the Saints were all a-gog,
 And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?

The *Parliament* drew up *Petitions*
 To't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,
 To *Well-affected* Persons down,
 In ev'ry City and great Town;
 With pow'r to leavy horie and men,
 Onely to bring them back agen:
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully in Rank and file,
 With *Papers* in their hats, that show'd
 As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
 And all t' advance the *Cause's* service?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?

Shall

Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,
 Each man of us to run before
 Another still in *Reformation*,
 Give Dogs and Bears a Dispensation?
 How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it?
 What will *Malignants* say? *Videlicet*,
 That each man swore to doe his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest;
 And bid the Devil take the *himmost*,
 Which at this Race is like to win most.
 They'l say our bus'nesse to *reform*
 The Church and State is but a worm;
 For to transcribe a Church invisible,
 As we have sworn to doe, it is a *bull*:
 For when we swore to doe it after
 The best *Reformed Churches* that are,
 What did we else but make a vow
 To doe we know not what, nor how?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what Churches these should be.
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore *Et ceteras*;
 Or the *French League*, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.
 These slanders will be thrown upon:
 The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong
 T^exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,

Rather

Rather then *Gospel-walking* times,
 When flightest Sins are greatest Crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of King and Parliament,
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your Brethren and your Countrey-men;
 And to those places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The *Fidler*, as the prime offender,
 Th'Incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and Enginier of mischief;
 That makes division between friends,
 For prophane and malignant ends.
 He and that Engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he playes,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
 To condigne punishment, as th'ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
 For then I'le take another course,
 And soon *Reduce* you all by force.
 This said, he clapt his hand on Sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol*, who had long suppress
 Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,

Which

Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
 As e're in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
 Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
 On Rump of Justice, as of Cow;
 How dar'st thou with that fullen luggage
 O'thy self, old Ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy Steed of bones and leather
 Is lam'd and tir'd in halting hither;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus,
 T'oppose thy Lumber against us?
 Could thine Impertinence find out
 No work t'employ it self about,
 Where thou secure from wooden blow
 Thy busie vanity might'st show?
 Was no dispute afoot between
 The *Caterwauling Bretheren*?
 No subtle Question rais'd among
 Those *out-o'-their-wus* and those i'th'wrong?
 No prize between those Combatants
 O'th' times, the Land and Water-Saints?
 Where thou might'st *stickle without hazard*
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
 And not for want of bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of Disputants, and spoil our sport?

Was

Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad ?
No *Stollen-Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
To tie thee up from breaking loose ?
No Ale unlicenc'd, broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busie from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil ?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee ;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up *Sale* and *Sequestration* ;
To cheat with *Holiness* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal ?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be ;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep it self in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones ;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting* hands and *eyes up* both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout, (out
From whence at length these words broke
Was

Was I for this entitled Sir,
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battel.
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to Cattel?
 Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
 Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
 And sell thy Carrion for good meat;
 Not all thy Magick to repair
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
 Turn Death of Nature to thy work,
 And stop the Gangrene in stale Pork;
 Not all that force that makes thee proud,
 Because by Bullock ne're withstood;
 Though arm'd with all thy clevers, knives,
 And axes made to hew down lives;
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of Justice, or this blade
 VWhich I her Sword-bearer do carry,
 For civil deed and military.
 Nor shall these words of Venom base,
 VWhich thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free. (em)
 Thou down the same throat shall devour
 Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
 Nor shall it e're be said, that wight
 VWith Gantlet blew and Bases white,

And

And round blunt Dudgeon by his side,
So great a man at Arms defy'd
VVith words far bitterer then wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood. (heal;
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of *Talgol's* Skull;
Vowing that he should ne're stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her *Gorgon*-shield, which made the Cock
Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
VVith rugged Truncheon smote at *Knight*.
But he with *Petronel* up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoyl'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal
Then *Hudibras* with furious haste (stripe.
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.

But

But when his rugged Sword was out,
 With stomach huge he laid about,
 Imprinting many a wound upon
 His mortal foe the Truncheon.
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose
 It self against dead-doing blows,
 To guard its Leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd it self again.
 And though the sword (some understood)
 In force had much the odds of Wood ;
 'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valliant'st.
 For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd,
 Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
 And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death ;
 While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting
 Conquest should be so long a getting,
 He drew up ull his force into
 One Body, and that into one Blow.
 But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
 By cunning sleight ; for had it hit,
 The Upper part of him the Blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

But

But now fierce *Celon* gan draw on,
To aid the distressed Champion.
Him *Ralph* encountred, and straight grew
A dismal Combat 'twixt them two :
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other Wood;
This fit for bruise, and that for bloud.
VVith many a stiff thwack, many a bang.
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang ;
VVhile none that saw them could divine
To which side Conquest would encline :
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two should with so many men vye,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne're attain.
For he, by foul hap having found
VVhere 1 histles grew on barren ground,
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
Of Steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry Beast did straight resent
And feel regret on Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from Thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail.
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and baggage from his back ;
And blundring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the *Knight's* Steed such a thump,

As

As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop,
 And sate on further side aslope.
 This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
 By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching foe by nearer foot,
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
 But *Mars*, that still protects the stout,
 In Pudding-time came to his aid,
 And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
 The *Bear*, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
 The friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:
 Like feather-bead betwixt a wall,
 And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
 As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
 And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
 In body, though his mighty spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout.
 His wrath inflam'd boil'd o're, and from
 His Jaws of death he threw the some.

Fury

Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, then ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of *Knight*, & storm'd, & rav'd;
And vext the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the *Law of Arms* :
For Men he alwayes took to be
His friends, and Dogs the enemy :
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h'had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with losse of bloud so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong ;
VVrong of unsouldier-like condition :
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his Nose
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th'amazed crew.
Some he o'reran, and some o'rethrew,
But took none ; for by hasty flight
He strove t'escape pursuit of *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowdery

Crowdero onely kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded fore
I'th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But, much its betters, th' wooden one.
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And losse of Urine, cast in sownd,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And listing it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up to fall on *Knight*.
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T'adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with sprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching *Knight* from fell Musician.
He snatch'd his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,

(As Rats do from a falling house,)
 To hide it self from rage of blows ;
 And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue *Knight* from black and blew.
 Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
 The Shin encounter'd twice and once ;
 And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,
 When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.
 He took the blow on side and arm,
 To shield the *Knight* entraunc'd from harm ;
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
 And setting conquering foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke What *desp'rate Frenzie*
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
 Thy self and all that Coward Rabble
 T' encounter us in battel able ?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
 'Gainst Arms, Authority and Worship ?
 And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
 Though all thy Limbs were heart of Oke,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear our blows as that of Wood ?
 Could not the whipping-post prevail
 With all its rhet'rick, nor the Goal,

D

To

To keep from flaying scourge the skin,
And ankle free from Iron gin ?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, He gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And set him on his Bum upright :
To rouse him from Lethargick dump,
He tweak'd his Nose with gentle thump,
Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They wakened with the noise, did flye
From inward Room to VWindow eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the Casement,
Lookt out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
VWho thus bespoke the *Knight* : quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A *self-denying* Conqueror ;
As high, victorious and great,
As e're fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your self but leave
To make out what y' already have ;
That's Victory. The foe, for dread
Of your Nine-worthinesse, is fled,
All save *Crowdero*, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake :
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,

Either

Either for life, or death, or sale,
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl,
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live, or dye.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 VVone in the Service of the *Churches*;
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
 For though successe did not confer
 Just Title on the Conquerer;
 Though *dispensations* were not strong
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;
 Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
 And *Owning* were but a meer term:
 Yet as the *wicked* have no right
 To th' *Creature*, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the *Saint*,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;
 Of him they hold their *Luxuries*,
 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores, and Dice,
 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
 Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Parasites:
 All which the *Saints* have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Then what was ours by right before.
 For we are their true *Landlords* still,
 And they our *Tenants* but at will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous.
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him;
 Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But *Ralpho* now in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
 Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
 To be the Hangman's bus'nesse, sooner
 Then from your hand to have the honour
 Of his Destruction. I that am
 A Nothingnesse in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcasse,
 Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
 Will you, Great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood which you gain'd in hot?
 Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
 To break a Fiddle and your VVord?
 For though I fought, and overcame,
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
 For great Commanders alwayes own
 VVhat's prosperous by the Souldier done.
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
 Argues your Pow'r above your VVill;

And

And that your will and pow'r have lesse
 Then both might have of selfishnesse.
 This pow'r which now alive with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead,
 Would no more keep the slave in awe
 Then if you were a Knight of Straw :
 For death would then be his Conqueror,
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrew,
 Or honour from his death to you ;
 'Twere Policy, and honour too,
 To doe as you resolv'd to doe.
 But Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
 To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
 Great Conquerors greater glory gain
 By foes in Triumph led, then slain :
 The Laurells that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes the greatest fame
 Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
 One half of him's already slain,
 The other is not worth your pain.
 Th' Honour can but on one side light,
 As Worship did, when y'were dub'd Knight.
 Wherefore I think it better far, |
 To keep him Prisoner of War ;
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At Court of Justice to be try'd :

Where if h^e appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety ;
If any Member there dislike
His face, or to his Beard have pike ;
Or if his death will save, or yield,
Revenge, or fright, it is *reveald*,
Though he has quarter, ne'r rethelesse
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please.
This hath been often done by some
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:
And has by most of us been held
Wise Justice, and to some *reveald*.
For Words and promises that yoke
The Conquerour, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampson's Cuffs*, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the *Cause*
By rules of military Lawes,
And onely doe what they call just,
The *Cause* would quickly fall to dust.
This we among our selves may speak,
But to the *Wicked* or the Weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of *Knight* began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the *Squire's* advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done :

And

And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The VVooden member to reduce :
 But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne're to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy hast,
 And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,
 He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
 To lead the Captive of his sword
 In triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The *Squire* in state rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown VVhiniard bore:
 The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Case*,
 Leaning on shoulder like a Mace.
 The *Knight* himself did after ride,
 Leading *Crowdero* by his side,
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
 Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite through the Town th'had gone :
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient Castle, that commands
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabrick
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick.
 But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
 Of Magick made impregnable.

There's neither Iron-bar, nor Gate;
 Port-cullis, Chain, or Bolt, or Grate :
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In Dungeon scarce three inches wide ;
 VVith Roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie, or sit ;
 And yet so foul, that who so is in,
 Is to the middle-leg in prison,
 In Circle Magical confin'd,
 With walls of subtle Air and Wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until th'are freed by Head of Burrough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *Knight*
 And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built t'imprison hands ;
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater.
 For though the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Grate are fast enough.
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by 'witch
 At twenty miles an houer pace,
 And yet ne're stirs out of the place.
 On top of this there is a Spire,
 On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*

The

The *Fiddle*, and its spoils, the *Case*,
In manner of a *Trophee*, place.
That done, they ope the *Trap-dore-gate*,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like *Hermit* poor in pensive place,
To *Dungeon* they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet :
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of *Knighthood*, they release;
Though a *Delinquent* false and forged,
Yet b'ing a *Stranger*, he's enlarged ;
While his *Comrade*, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up fast in prison for't.
So *Justice*, while she winks at *Crimes*,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

THE ARGUMENT OF
The THIRD CANTO.

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place ; the Knight does sally,
And is made Pris'ner : then they seize
Th' Inchaned Fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place.
I should have first said, Hudibras.*

Canto III.

AY me ! what perils do environ (ron !
The man that meddles with cold I.
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps !
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for a while ;
She'l after shew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I'th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*.
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The field as suer as a Gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop ;

Thinking

Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the *Churches*,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
 And register'd by fame eternal,
 In Deathlesse Pages of *Diurnal*;
 Found in few minutes, to his Cost;
 He did but *Count without his Host*;
 And that a *Turn-stile* is more certain,
 Then in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now, the late-faint-hearted Rout
 O'rethrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chac'd by the horreur of their fear
 From bloody fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
 (All but the *Dogs*, who in pursuit
 Of the *Knight's* Victory stood to't,
 And most ignobly fought to get
 The Honour of his blood and sweat)
 Seeing the coast was free and clear
 O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
 Took heart at grass, and fac'd about,
 As if they meant to stand it out:
 For by this time, the routed *Bear*
 Attack'd by th' enemy i'th' rear,
 Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat,
 Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,

Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, untill he found
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground ;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior stout and Politick.
Until in spight of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute
On better terms ; and stop the course
Of the proud foe : With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil :
But still, their numbers so encreast,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather then yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hyde and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e're he could. This Resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy i'th' greatest throng.
But what could single valour doe
Against so numerous a foe ?

Yet.

Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was such :
But one against a multitude,
Is more then mortal can make good.
For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives charging home
To blows and handy-gripes were come ;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
His Person was, above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors and so stout
As he had done, and stand it out,
Disdain'g to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down still laid about ;
As *Widdrington* in doleful Dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,

If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
 To rescue him had not been quick.
 For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
 As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,
 (But not so light as to be born
 Upon the ears of standing Corn,
 Or trip it o're the Water quicker
 Then Witches when their staves they li-
 As some report) was got among (quor,
 The foremost of the Martial throng ;
 Where pitying the vanquish'd *Bear*,
 She call'd to *Cerdon*, who stood near
 Viewing the bloody fight, to whom,
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,
 And see stout *Bruin* all alone
 By numbers basely overthrown ?
 Such feats already h'has atchiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd :
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
 To second thee, and rescue him :
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late.
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round
 About their heads, to clear the ground ;
 And

And joyning forces laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if *the Devil drove*, to run. (Bruin
 Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruine :
 The conquering foe they soon assail'd ;
 First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 Untill the Mastives loos'd their hold :
 And yet, alas ! doe what they could,
 The worsted *Bear* came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before.
 For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
 Was *anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over but the Pagan heel :
 So did our Champion's arms defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His head and ears, which in the Martial
 Encounter lost a Leathern parcel.
 For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
 Had one ear (which in *Ducatoons*
 Is half the coyn) in battel par'd
 Close to his head ; so *Bruin* far'd :
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
 Like *Scrivener* newly crucifi'd ;
 Or like the late corrected Leathern
 Ears of the *circumciz'd Brethren*.

But

But gentle *Trulla* into th' ring
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
 With which she marcht before, and led
 The Warrior to a grassy Bed,
 As Authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which Eglentine and Roses made,
 Close by a softly-murm'ring stream
 Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a Song,
 And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
 Upon a Bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd,
 For stout maintaining of his ground
 In standing fights then for pursuit.
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the Chace.
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind;
 Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his Coward foe.

He

He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear Crony *Bear* :
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Then in small Poets splay-foot rimes,
That make her, in their ruthless stories,
To answer to inter'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows :
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whether, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my — Echo, *ruine* ?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry gnep*.
Am not I here to take thy part ?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart ?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled ?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budger*.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' dish,
Thou turn'dst thy beak ? Quoth Echo, *Pish*.
To

To run from those th'hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly ? Quoth Echo, *Mum*.
 But what a-vengeance makes thee flie
 From me too, as thine enemy ?
 Or if thou halt no thought of me
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail :
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in
 His honor's cause ? Quoth she, a *Puddin*.
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the Author of his woe
 Should equal vengeance undergo ;
 And with his bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd and his Bear.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed
 To action straight, and giving o're
 To search for *Bruin* any more,
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
 To find him out, where e're he was :
 And if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,

When

When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their breasts enflame.

'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* foe to *Hudibras*;
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
And resolute as ever fought :
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Ass
And feeble Scoundrel *Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in battel ?
For my part, it shall ne're be sed,
I for the washing gave my head :
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O'th' Rascals, but losse of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo ;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight are mortal,
Is more then all my skill can foretel.
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more then the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,

Where

Where e're th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy-work ;
 And wish that they had rather dar'd,
To pull the Devil by the Beard.

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast
 Great reason to doe as thou say'st ;
 And so has ev'ry body here
 As well as thou hast or thy Bear.
 Others may doe as they see good ;
 But if this Twig be made of wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 Flie 'about the eares of the old Cur,
 And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
 Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
 Though lugg'd indeed, & wounded very ill.
 My self and *Trulla* made a shift
 To help him out at a dead lift ;
 And having brought him bravely off,
 Have left him where he's safe enough.
 There let him rest, for if we stay,
 The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to joyn
 Their forces in the same design :
 And forthwith put themselves in search
 Of *Hudibras* upon their march.

Where

Where leaving them a while, to tell
 What the victorious *Knight* befell :
 For such, *Crowders* being fast
 In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
 Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
 No where so green as on his brow :
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd
 With conquering toil, he now retir'd
 Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
 To rest his body, and apply
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight, *Reds, blacks, and blews* ;
 To mollifie th' uneasie pang
 Of ev'ry honourable bang.
 Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
 O'th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
 Upon a Widow's joynture-land,
 (For he, in all his amorous battels,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
 As now he did, and aiming right,
 An arrow he let flie at *Knight* :
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
 But time had somewhat swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain.

For

For that proud Dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging Comfits and Ants eggs
 Had almost brought him off his leggs)
 Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,
 That old *Pyg* (what d'y' call him?) *malion*,
 That cut his Mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard-a-hearted one.
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse then a Mule that flings and kicks :
 'Mong which one crosse-grain'd freak she
 As insolent as strange and mad : (had,
 She could love none but onely such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady ;
 Not love, if any lov'd her ? ha day !
 So Cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight.
 So some diseases have been found
 Onely to seize upon the found.
 He that gets her by heart must say her
 The back-way, like a Witche's prayer.
 Meanwhile the *Knight* had no small task,
 To compasse what he durst not ask.
 He loves, but dares not make the motion;
 Her *ignorance* is his *devotion*.

Like

Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of Steed.
Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Untill he seize upon the Coney :
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain : her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of Honour born.
Yet much he bore, untill the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful Mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain
Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This Resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done ;
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A dore to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too now his hand was in ;

And

And that his valour and the honour
 H' had newly gain'd might work upon her.
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With amorous longings to be at her.

Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave Conquest o're my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
 If nothing can oppugn love,
 And Vertue invious wayes can prove,
 What may not he confide to doe
 That brings both love and vertue too?
 But thou bring'st valour too and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a mouse-trap, Wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in.
 Then, *Indibras*, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a Conquerer;
 Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
 But lets the timidious miscarry.
 Then while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span-new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.

Such thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
 More then his bangs or fleas, from sleep.

And

And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blew eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
'Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;
So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
To seize upon the Widow's heart ;
Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, To horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And had all th' avenues possesst
About the place from East to West.

That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' assault :
Then call'd a Council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy : and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort,
They now drew up t' attack the fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm,

E

Whether

Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
 Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger;
 That Foresight might, or might not blot
 The glory he had newly got;
 Or to his shame it might be fed,
 They took him napping in his bed:
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in Sciences profound.

His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the Postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpriz'd with th' unexpected fight.
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh:
 Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage.
 And thus he spoke: The Coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
 As if they had outrun their fears.
 The Glory we did lately get,
 The fates command us to repeat.

And

And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunq; irabunt, 'tis our doom.
 This is the same numerick crew
 Which we so lately did subdue,
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
 When we courageously did wield
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for Victory: and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terrour o're our heads,
 They'l straight resume their wonted dreads.
 Fear is an Ague that forsakes
 And haunts by turns those whom it takes.
 And they'l opine they feel the pain
 And blows, they felt to day, again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home,
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to enflame,
 He call'd upon his *Mistress*'s name.
 His Pistol next he cockt anew,
 And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew.
 And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;
 As expert Warriors use: then ply'd
 With Iron-heel his Courser's side,
 Conveying Sympatherick speed
 From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Meanwhile the foe with equal rage
 And speed advancing to engage,
 Both Parties now were drawn so close,
 Almost to come to handiblow.
 When *Orsin* first let fly a stone
 At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
 As that which *Diomed* did maul
Aeneas on the Bum withall:
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
 T' have sent him to another world;
 Whether above-ground, or below,
 Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
 The danger startled the bold *Squire*,
 And made him some few steps retire.
 But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
 And rouz'd his spirits half dismay'd.
 He, wisely doubting lest the shot
 Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
 Might at a distance gall, prest close,
 To come, pell-mell, to handiblow:
 And that he might their aim decline,
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
 But prudently forbore to fire,
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher:
 As expert Warriors use to doe,
 VVhen hand to hand they charge the foe.
 This order the advent'rous Knight
 Most Souldierlike observ'd in fight:

When

When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her *goody-ship*,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a stone;
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon
His manly panch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whiniard, and the reyn;
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: And as a Goose
In death contracts his talons close;
So did the *Knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of Arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he far'd; the Shot let flie
At randome 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gaberdine; and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass Habergeon,
Who straight *A Surgeon* cry'd, a Surgeon.
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the *Knight* had not let go

His Arms, but been in warlike plight,
 H^e had won (the second time) the fight.
 As *Ralpho* might; but he with care
 Of *Hudibras* his hurt forbore
 To presse th' advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten.
 For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
 In close encounter, they both wag'd
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day,
 And now the busie work of death
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
 Preparing to renew the fight;
 When the disaster of the *Knight*
 And th' other party did divert
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*,
 And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
 Each striving to confirm his party
 With stout encouragements and hearty.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
 And let revenge and honour stir
 Your spirits up, once more fall on,
 The shatter'd foe begins to run:
 For if but half so well you knew
 To use your Victory as subdue,
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have giv'n them, face us now;

But

But from so formidable a Souldier (der.
 Had fled like Crows when they smell pow-
 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft
 Wav'd o're their heads, and fled as oft.
 But if you let them recollect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
 You'll have a harder game to play,
 Then yet y' have had, to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
 Of *Hudibras* with small regard.
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took, then *Ralph's* harangue ;
 To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
 Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.
 The knotted bloud within my nose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal *Crisis* doth portend
 My dayes to appropinque an end.
 I am for action now unfit,
 Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt upon a wound,
 Or trivial basting to despond :
 Yet I'd be loth my dayes to curtail.
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we'd time enough as yet
 To make an honourable retreat,

'Twere the best course : but if they find
We flie, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour
And danger too is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of War, no feat
Is nobler then a brave retreat.

This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny Steed,
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft ;
But by his weighty bum as oft
He was pul'd back : till having found
The advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast.
Whom *Orsin*, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid *Magnano* on the spot,

Beheld

Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforefaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side,
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with Courage bold
Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begins to rally :
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This faid, like to a thunderbolt
He flew, with fury, to th' assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reacht his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'rethwart his Beast with active vaulting,
Wrigling his body to recover
His feat, and cast his right leg over ;
When *Orsin* rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The Beast was startled, and began
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or stout King *Richard*, on his back :
Till stumbleing he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a fown.
Meanwhile the *Knight* began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowesse ;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found both by his eyes and nose,

'Twas onely Choler, and not bloud,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with despightful ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other Pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
VVhen *Cerdon* gave so fierce a shock,
VVith sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had onely left,
VVith which he *Cerdon's* head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Launce attack'd the *Knight*,
Upon his quarters opposite.
And as a Bark that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two focs,
And knew not which of them to oppose.
Till *Orsin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by spightful chance
Hit *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.

At this the *Knight* began to chear up;
 And raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
 And I shall straight dispatch another,
 To bear thee company in death;
 But first I'll halt awhile and breath,
 As well he might; for *Orsin* griev'd,
 At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
 And cure the hurt he made before.
 Meanwhile the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
 To breath himself, and next find out
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the rustled foe infest.
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
 To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
 While he was busie in the care
 Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware;
 But he was quick, and had already
 Unto the part apply'd remedy;
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard,
 Then like a Warrior right expert
 And skilful in the martial art,
 The subtle *Knight* straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
 And then (in order) to retire;

Or, as occasion should invite,
 With forces joyn'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o're-
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone;
 When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more as Conquerours;
 Have both the field and honour won;
 The Foe is profligate and run:
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home;
 And some ly-spralling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cesar himself could never say
 He got two victories in a day,
 As I have done, that can say, twice I
 In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*.
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*
 As they *parire*, and yet enough
 Be left to strike an after-blow.
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 But us to fight the bus'nesse o're,

Get up, and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An Arse, for fear of being bang'd :
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of strength : unlesse you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras* :)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honourable far *Servare*
Civem, then slay an adversary.
The one we oft to day have done ;
The other shall dispatch anon.
And though th'art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the *Squier* :
Then bowing down his body stretcht
His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht ;

When

When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightning behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out :
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got.
But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The Pillage of the Prisoners,
Which in all feats of Arms was hers :
And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To succour him : for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or die ;
Thy life is mine and liberty.
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o're afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy Arms and baggage, now my right :
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thy self a while,
And once more for that carcase vile
Fight upon tick — Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant La's,

And

And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword ;
That sword which has so oft this day
Through Squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinster matcht,
Will blush with bloud ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m'advice in this,
Consider while thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's course,
By opposing such a trivial force.
For if with Conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have nor grace,
By law of Arms, in such a case ;
Both which I now do offer freely.

Is corn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or Counsel from a foe :
If thou canst force me to it do.
But lest it should again be sed,
When I have once more wore thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *Arse-verse*
Shall serve thy turn — This stirr'd his spleen
More then the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, Despight, Revenge and Shame,
At once unto his stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury.
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning flight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,

But

But in she flew, and seconding
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.
 Shall I have quarter now? you Ruffin?
 Or wilt thou be worse then thy huffing?
 Thou saidst th' woud'st kill me, marry woul'st
 thou:
 Why dost thou not, thou *Jack-a-Nods* thou?
 Why dost not put me to the sword?
 But cowardly flie from thy word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
 My Laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
 My loss of honour's great enough,
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown:
 I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient *Hero's* were illustrious,
 For b'ing benigne, and not blustrous,
 Against a vanquisht foe: their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
 And

And did in fight but cut work out
T'employ their Courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd,
Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory ;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, then thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one straw :
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate ;
What thou command'st I must obey :
Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too ?

Crowdero,

Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's pound*:
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange for him.

This said, the *Knight* did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet,
Next he disrob'd his *Gaberdine*,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith devesting
The *Mantle* that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o're his sturdy back.
And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us *Laws* for *Pantaloons*,
The length of *Breeches*, and the gathers,
Port-canons, *Perriwigs*, and *Feathers*;
Just so the proud insulting *Lass*
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Meanwhile the other *Champions*, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla*'d won the day,
To share in th' honour and the prey,
And out of *Hudibras* his hide
With vengeance to be satisfi'd;

Which

Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden showre.
 But *Trulla* thrust herself between,
 And striding o're his back agen,
 She brandish'd o're her head his sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word;
 Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
 Or theirs should make that quarter good.
 For she was bound by Law of Arms,
 To see him safe from further harms.
 In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast
 By *Hudibras* as yet lay fast,
 Where to the hard and ruthless stones
 His great heart made perpetual mones.
 Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
 Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopt their fury, and the basting
 Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.
 They thought it was but just and right,
 That what she had atchiev'd in fight,
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitcht upon:
 For who a better could imagine?
 This therefore they resolv'd t'engage in.
 The *Knight* and *Squier* first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid;
 Then

Then mounted both upon their Horses,
But with their faces to the *Arfes*,
Orsin led *Hudibras*'es beast,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest ;
Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdou*
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on,
All ush'ring *Trulla*, in the reer
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *enchanted castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed, then shows
And triumphs over conquer'd foes
Do use t'allow, or then the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord Mayors*
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order Souldierlike contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for Battel as for Muster.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*
No lesse then he that built the Fort ;

And

And with an Iron Mace laid flat
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
 And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
 Him they release from durance base,
 Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Case*,
 And liberty, his thirsty rage
 With luscious vengeance to assuage.
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But *Trulla* straight brought on her charge,
 And in the self-same *Limbo* put
 The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was shut.
 Where leaving them in *Hockly i'th' hole*,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow ;
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,
 And sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his Mind,
 Is *Sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 What e'te the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty
 That makes men prisoners or free ;

But

But perturbations that possess
 The mind or *Æquanimities*.
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paultry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not fed
 (For ought that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob
 Because h' had ne're another *Tub*.
 The Ancients make two several kinds
 Of Prowesse in heroick minds,
 The *Active*, and the *Passive* valiant;
 Both which are *pari librâ* gallant:
 For both to give blows and to carry,
 In fights are equeneccessary;
 But in defeats, the passive stout
 Are alwayes found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to outdoe
 The Active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
 Though we with blacks and blews are sug.
 Or, as the Vulgar say, are *cudgell'd*: (gill'd,
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a *lease for time to come*,
 And cannot be *extended* from
 The legal Tenant: 'tis a *Chattel*,
 Not to be forfeited in battel.

If he that is in Battel slain,
 Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain;
 He that is beaten may be sed
 To lye in Honour's *Truckle-bed*.
 For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Then when adorn'd with all his light
 He shines in serene skie most bright:
 So Valour in a low estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow;
 But none that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit.
 As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
 A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much: so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off.
 For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
 Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof:
 A politick exploit, right fit
 For *Presbyterian Zeal* and wit.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, that Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou alwayes harp'st upon :
 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
 Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane.
 VVhats'ever will not with thy (*what d'y' call'st*)
 Thy *light* jump right thou call'st *Synodisall*.
 As if *Presbytery* were a standard
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove, *Bear-baiting* equal
 VVich *Synods*, orthodox and legal ?
 Do if thou canst, for I deny't,
 And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to doe
 That has but any *guts in's brains*,
 And could believe it worth his pains.
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You'l find I've *light* enough to doe it.

Synods are mystical *Bear-gardens*,
 Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the *Babylonish* sport.

For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
 Do differ onely in a mere word.
 Both are but sev'ral *Synagogues*
 Of carnal *Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs* :
 Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,
 To mischief bent as far 's in them lies :
 Both *stave* and *tail*, with *fierce contests*,
 The one with *men*, the other *beasts*.
 The difference is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
 And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
 In th' other *Souls* and *Consciences* ;
 Where *Saints* themselves are brought to
 For *Gospel-light* and *Conscience* sake ; (stake
 Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
 Instead of *Mastive-dogs* and *Curs* ;
 Then whom th' have lesse humanity,
 For these at souls of men will flie,
 This to the *Prophet* did appear,
 VWho in a *Vision* saw a *Bear*,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of *Churcho-rule* in this later Age :
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears naturally are beasts of Prey,
 That live by rapine, so do they.
 What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-confures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,

But

But sev'ral mystick chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the stake
 And then set heathen *Officers*,
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their ears.
 For to prohibit and dispence,
 To find out or to make offence,
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,
 To play with souls at fast and loose;
 To set what Characters they please,
 And mulcts on Sin or Godlinesse;
 Reduce the Church to *Gospel-order*,
 Ry *Rapine*, *Sacriledge*, and *Murther*;
 To make *Presbyterie* supreme,
 And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
Their Consciences, to turn *Saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 VVhen *Saints* Monopolists are made.
 When *pious* frands and *holy* shifts
 Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,
 There *Godliness* becomēs mere ware,
 And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
 A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
 And growing up became the Sires
 Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;
 VVhose bus'nēss is, by cunning sleight
 To cast a figure for mens *Light*;

To find in lines of beard and face,
 The *Phyfiognomy of Grace* ;
 And by the found and *twang of Nose*,
 If all be *found* within difclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of finning,
 As men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
 By *black-caps*, underftand with *white*,
 Give certain guefs at inward *Light* ;
 Which *Serjeants at the Gofpel* wear,
 To make their *fpiritual Calling* clear.
 The *hand-kercher* about the neck
 (Canonical *Cravat of Smeck*,
 From whom the Inftitution came,
 VVhen Church and State they fet on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of *Spiritual Warfaring* men)
 Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
 Be of the *neweft Cut* in fafhion.
 Sure 'tis an Orthodox opinion
 That *Grace is founded in dominion*.
 Great *Piety* confifts in Pride ;
 To *rule* is to be *sanctifi'd* :
 To domineer and to controul
 Both o're the body and the foul,
 Is the moft perfect *discipline*
 Of Church-rule, and by *right divine*.
Bel and the *Dragon's Chaplains* were
 More moderate then thefe by far :

For

For they (poor **Knaves**) were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children meat;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have wealth and power too,
 Or else with bloud and desolation
 They'l tear it out o'th' heart o'th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from **Primitive**
 And **Heathen Priesthood** do derive,
 When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
 Whose *Directory* was to kill;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The onely difference is, that then
 They slaughter'd onely *beasts*, now *men*.
 For then to sacrifice a *Bullock*,
 Or now and then a child to *Moloch*,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbyterie does but translate
 The *Papacy* to a *Free State*.
 A *Common-wealth* of *Poperie*,
 Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
 A *Tithe-pig-Metropolitan*;
 Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
 Commands the *Keys* for *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
 And ev'ry *Hamlet*'s governed
 By's *Holiness*, the *Churche's* head,

More haughty and severe in's place
 Then *Gregorie* and *Boniface*.
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
 With many heads : for if we conster
 What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
 With many heads did ride upon ;
 Which Heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of *Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.*
Lay-elder, Simeon to Lewi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy.
 As loynes of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
 And Bishop-secular. This Zelot
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind ;
 A Lawless, *linfie-woolfe* brother,
 Half of one Order, half another ;
 A Creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a Beast, a Fish in water ;
 That alwayes preys on Grace, or Sin ;
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce Inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over mens Belief
 And Manners ; can pronounce
 A Saint Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Through courtest boulder others gifts.

For

For all men live and judge amiss
 Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,
 The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
 Whose Pastors are but th' Handiwork.
 Of his mechanick Pawes, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling,
 From whence they start up *chosen vessels*,
 Made by Contact; as men get *Meazles*.
 So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new-made *Pope*:

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, Soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet *mault*. Good *Squire*,
Estina lente, not too fast;
 For *hast* (the Proverb sayes) makes waste.
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake.
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
 And put your Arguments in mood
 And figure, to be understood.
 I'll force you by right ratiocination
 To leave your *Vulitigation*,
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *Dialectics*.

The

The Question then, to state it first,
 Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I vow
 To be the worst, and *Synods* thou.
 But to make good th' Assertion,
 Thou say'st they are really *all one*.
 If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
 Why then, *Tantumdem dat tantidem*.
 For if they are the *same*, by course
 Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.
 But I deny they are the *same*,
 More then a *Maggot* and I am.
 That both are *Animalia*,
 I grant, but not *Rationalia*:
 For though they do agree in kind,
 Specifick difference we find,
 And can no more make *Bears* of these,
 Then prove *my horse* is *Socrates*.

That *Synods* are *Bear-gardens* too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say no:
 And thus I prove it, in a word,
 Whits'ever *Assembly's* not impow'd
 To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
 Can be no *Synod*: but *Bear-garden*
 Has no such pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none.
 And so thy *Sophistry's* o'rethrown.

But yet we are beside the Question
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are better
Then *Synod-men*; I say, *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods Men*,
Is held by all: They'r better then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four legs go,
As *Beasts*, but *Synod-men* on two.
'Tis true, they all have *teeth* and *nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that a rugged, shaggy *fur*
Grows o're the hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *snout* and *spacious ears*
Do hold propotion with a *Bear's*.
A *Bear's* a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelp't without form, untill the Dam
Have lick't him into shape and frame:
But all thy *light* can ne're evict
That ever *Synod-man* was lick't;
Or brought to any other fashion
Then his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugne thy self and sense, that is,
Thou wouldst have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.

A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when,
And where, thou stol'st from other wen,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary shifts ;)
And is the same that *Ranter* sed,
That arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my Beard :
The self-same Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This Controversie, we fell out ;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen,

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse
Of *Humane Learning* you produce ;
Learning that Cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erronious, and vain ;
A trade of Knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat ;

An.

An art t'incumber *Gifts* and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
 Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet;
 A cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other mens reason and their own;
 A sort of Error to ensconce
 Absurdity and Ignorance;
 That renders all the avenues
 To Truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain thiugs, in debate,
 By art, perplex and intricate:
 For nothing goes for sense or *Light*
 That will not with old Rules jump right.
 As if Rules were not in the Schoòls
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
 This *Pagan, Heathenish invention*
 Is good for nothing but Contention.
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler fight,
 All blows do on the Target light:
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O'th' Contest falls on Terms of art,
 Untill the fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' Argument,

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
 Out-run the Constable at last;
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless and untrue,

But

But to the former opposite,
And *contrary as black to white* ;
Mere *Disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this, *Humane Learning* ;
Two things s'averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T'evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Then this w'are in : therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

FINIS.

